

The Death of the Old Year.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

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Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die:  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
And the new year will take 'em away.  
  
Old year, you must not go:  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
  
Old year, you shall not die:  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste;  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend;  
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro;  
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
  
Shake hands, before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend—  
A new face at the door.

# THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

ROBERT JACKSON.

SONG. *Slow, and with expression.*

Musical notation for the first line of the song, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Full knee - deep lies the win - ter snow, And the".

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing from the previous line. The lyrics are: "win - ter winds are wea - ri - ly sigh - ing: Toll - ye the church - bell".

Musical notation for the third line of the song, continuing from the previous line. The lyrics are: "sad and slow, And tread soft - ly and speak low, For the old year".

( 1 )

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

*rall. e dim.*

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

lies a - dy - ing.

1. Old year, you must not die; You  
2. Old year, you must not go; So  
3. Old year, you shall not die; We  
4. Shake hands, be - fore you die. Old

came to us so rea - di - ly, You liv'd with us so  
long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have  
did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to  
year, we'll dear - ly rue for you, What is it we can

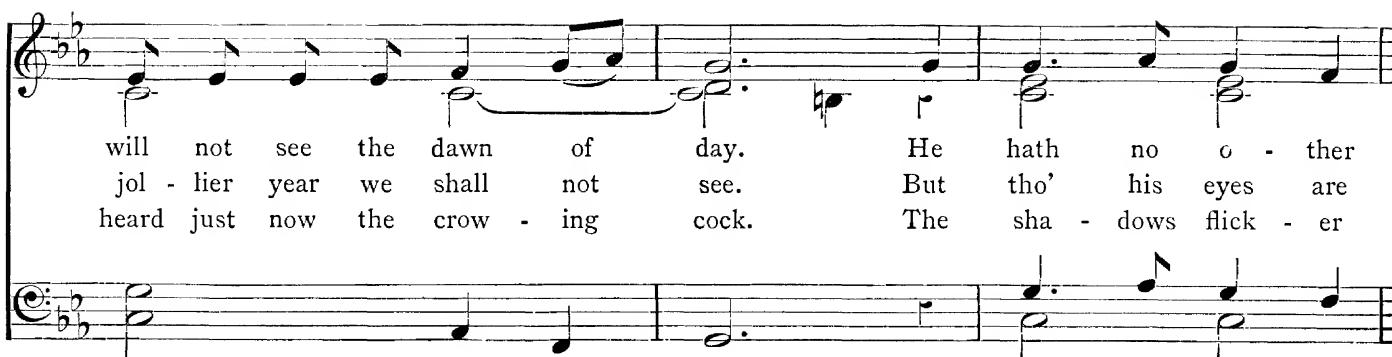
stea - di - ly, Old year, you shall not die.  
seen with us, Old year, you shall not go.  
die with you, Old year, if you must die.  
do for you ? Speak out be - fore you die.

*Slow.*

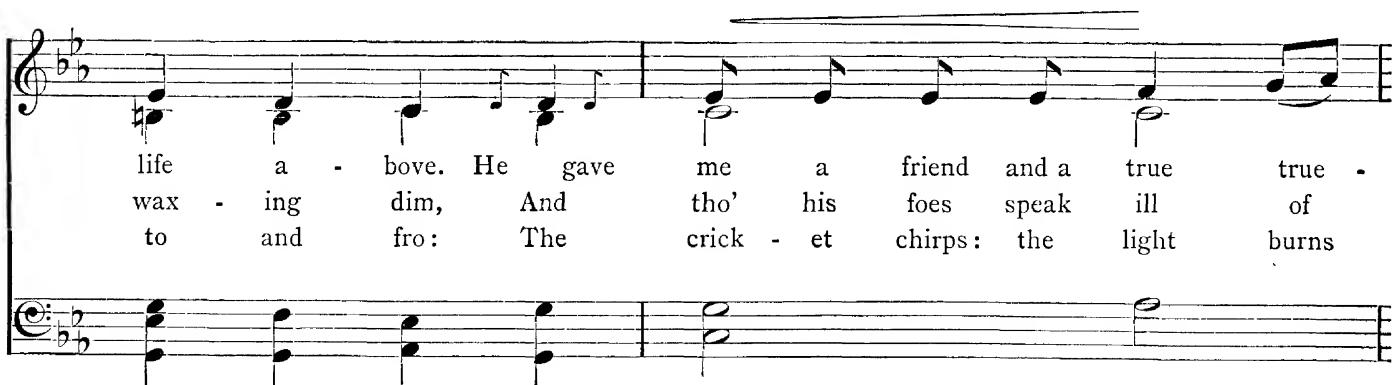
2. He li - - eth still: he doth not move: He  
3. He froth'd his bum - pers to the brim; A  
4. How hard he breathes! . . O - ver the snow I

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will not see the dawn of day. He hath no o - ther  
jol - lier year we shall not see. But tho' his eyes are  
heard just now the crow - ing cock. The sha - dows flick - er



life a - bove. He gave me a friend and a true true -  
wax - ing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of  
to and fro: The crick - et chirps: the light burns



rall. e dim. Repeat Chorus after each verse.

- love, And the New - year will take 'em a - way. . . .  
him, He was a friend to me. . . .  
low: 'Tis near - ly twelve o' clock. . . .

